

Fiction

HER GIANT FOLDING BED.

By C. B. LOOMIS.

It was against Mr. Bentley's advice that Cora bought the giant folding bed. They lived on the sixth floor in a small five-rooms-and-a-bath-steam-heated-all-improvements flat, and he said that such a huge folding bed was out of all proportion to the size of the bedroom. But Mrs. Bentley had set her heart on it, and Mr. Bentley has not been husband so long as to feel like thwarting any legitimate wish.

When she went down to the store she found she was just in time to get one at half price. What luck! She had expected to pay \$35 for the bed, and she got it at \$25, although by what process of arithmetic twenty-five becomes the half of thirty-five she did not stop to inquire.

But with the reduced price of the bed her good luck ended, and she entered upon a chapter of annoyances that would have made the bed dear as a gratuity.

The bed people were just moving out and were too busy to send the bed home. Five separate expressmen refused to stir their wagons when they learned that it was a giant. She began to wish that it was a trundle bed. But at last an expressman who was just starting in business and who was therefore inexperienced contracted for \$2 to deliver it.

So she went and waited for the bed with all the ardor of a child. Every time the dumb waiter whistle blew she ran out to see if they were trying to send it up that way, but when it finally arrived after a wait of four hours it came in at the front door.

After ten minutes or so Mrs. Bentley heard mastodontic footsteps on the stairs, the swish of tearing wall paper, the crash of falling globes, and she knew that they were bringing the bed upstairs. So did all the other flat dwellers. When she looked over the staircase there were from three to four heads beneath her, all looking down.

The arrival at different landings was punctuated by the crash of glass and the fall of plaster. And on the third floor the bed fell on one of the men. Luckily he was a fat German, and he escaped with a barked shin and a mislaid temper.

Long before that there was a string of home returning heads of families separated from their little ones by the Chinese wall of a bed. These who were athletic enough climbed over and escaped to their apartments, but the rest had to content themselves with throwing kisses to their beloved ones and telling them not to despair.

Mrs. Bentley had not hitherto known there were so many people living in the house. The stairs were black with them, and the bed moved with the deliberation of a glacier.

When the men reached the fourth floor they clamored for beer, and Mrs. Bentley, being inexperienced, sent for two bottles, which were brought in by the janitor's son.

The two men sat down, or, rather, up, way up, on the bed and opened a bottle apiece amid groans from the belated flat dwellers who lived above the third. It is probable that they had already solaced themselves with beer, for they became very merry and loquacious after the bottles had been emptied, and many of their jokes would not have been allowed at a variety theater.

There is a saying that there is always room at the top. This did not prove to be the case in regard to the giant bed. The hallway at the top flat was a joint affair, two suits opening on it, and it was the narrowest in the building. When the men finally arrived with their tremendous load they found that it was going to be a Chinese puzzle to get into Mrs. Bentley's. They shattered the last globe and then sat down on the stairs to ponder.

They finally came to the conclusion that they could not get it in unless the door of the opposite apartment were opened to admit of its being slewed around.

Mrs. Cochran was the opposite neighbor. She and Mrs. Bentley had been as distant as such contiguous flat dwellers could be. Their bows in the hall were as icy as the hall itself. Mrs. Cochran thought Mrs. Bentley a foolish little new wife, and Mrs. Bentley thought Mrs. Cochran common.

Still, there was nothing for it but to ask Mrs. Cochran to open her front door and let the man swing the bed into the doorway for just one moment. The fat man rang her bell. She opened the door, with fire in her eyes. She had been trying to get the youngest to sleep, and the constant thumping and crashing and the obnoxious and beery laughter of the expressmen had rolled the not too placid waters of her disposition to a foaming point.

Mrs. Cochran glowered.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bentley, with a basally made veneer of sweetness. "May the men just swing the bed into your hallway so that they can get it into my doorway? I didn't suppose it was so big. I don't think it was so big in the store."

Mrs. Cochran sniffed at the inanity of the remark, but she said:

"Oh, I suppose I cannot refuse. I hope you'll quit your thumping after you get it in. I can't get my child to sleep while it's going on."

"I'm sure it will only be a minute. You see, the worst is over."

"I should hope so," said Mrs. Coch-

ran, looking at the dents in the wall and the broken globes. And then the two expressmen put their shoulders to the bed and swung it into the doorway with such vehemence that it stuck like a fat cork in a small bottle and refused to budge.

"Well, this is a pretty state of things," said Mrs. Cochran from behind the bed. "How do you suppose we're going to close our front door with that great bed in the way?"

"You won't need to close it. No one will come in while the bed is here. It is better as a door." And the German laughed uproariously and fatly.

"Oh, but this is too awful!" said Mrs. Bentley, wringing her hands helplessly.

"I should think it was," came the voice of Mrs. Cochran from the other side of the bed.

"Is your husband in there? Can't he help push?" suggested Mrs. Bentley.

"No," snapped Mrs. Cochran. "He hasn't come home yet, and what's more, he can't until this barricade is removed. How anybody but a fool could have bought such a monstrous thing I don't see!"

At this juncture Mr. Cochran came upstairs, with Mr. Bentley just behind him. Mr. Cochran looked puzzled. Mr. Bentley groaned. He had come home too soon.

"What are you doing to the bed?" asked Mr. Cochran.

"We ain't doin' a thing to it," said the fat German joyously.

Bentley and Cochran laughed, but Mrs. Bentley saw no humor in the remark, and certainly Mrs. Cochran saw no funny side to the bed. Both sides seemed tragic to her.

"Is that you, George?" she called out.

"Yes, it's me. Shall I come in?"

"You can't except by the fire escape," said Mrs. Cochran despairingly.

"What are you doing with it in the wrong door?" asked Mr. Bentley of the expressmen.

"Sure, 'twould have shook as fasht in anny dure," said the Irish expressman, and the German roared sympathetically.

Mr. Cochran is a man of action. "Here; we four men ought to be able to move a little be—a bed. Now, altogether; pull!"

Mr. Cochran is a successful politician, but he had the wrong kind of pull with him, and the only result of the effort was that Mr. Bentley pulled off some of the molding and fell on his back.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Cochran said, "Let's go around by way of the fire escape and push."

The two expressmen and Mr. Cochran made nothing of passing from Mrs. Bentley's parlor to Mrs. Cochran's parlor by the fire escape, but Mr. Bentley is light headed and had to be helped across—by his wife. Then the two entered the Cochran apartments for the first time like thieves in the night.

Now all six combined their strength and pushed, but the bed only laughed at them.

"Well, nothing more can be done now," said Cochran. "The bed is here, and it's got to stay here for the present. Now, you men might as well go about your business. You've done what you set out to do—the bed is up here fast enough."

"How much do I owe you?" asked Bentley of the German.

"Two dollars. I'll sent around a carpenter if you vand."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Bentley. "He'll be able to move it."

Back across the fire escape was Mr. Bentley helped by his faithful wife, and then they bade the Cochrans good night. It was such an impossible thing that had happened that everybody felt good natured once more, just as in a blizzard or a period of excessive heat people make light of their misfortunes and passersby joke one another.

Next morning immediately after breakfast Mrs. Bentley went down to the bed company to see whether they could suggest a way of getting the bed out of Mrs. Cochran's doorway.

They had moved, and a big sign in the window bore the legend, "To Be Opened In a Few Days as a Ladies' Lunch Room."

For the space of two days that bed stood in the doorway while carpenter after carpenter came and looked at it and shook his head and went away.

Then came one who said: "I've seen those beds before. They ain't worth bothering with. The company's failed that made them. Now, next door to my shop is a vacant lot, and if I cut the bed to pieces I guess you can dump it there and the owner of the lot won't mind."

Mrs. Bentley hailed the scheme as a heaven sent proposition. Mr. Bentley was downtown, and Mrs. Cochran, who was on the other side chatting with her—for in spite of what had come between them they were now quite friendly—seconded the plan.

The carpenter borrowed an ax of the janitor, and in a half hour's time, with the exception of the mirror, there was not a square foot of the bed unbroken.

The carpenter sent the pieces down on the dumb waiter and then took them away and presumably dumped them.

Mrs. Cochran spent five minutes shutting and opening the door. It was so pleasant to be able to do it again.

Then Mrs. Bentley invited her neighbor into her flat and apologized for making so much trouble.

"It was no trouble at all, my dear. It has made something to talk about."

Now, Mr. Bentley seemed to think that \$25 for the bed, \$2 for delivery and \$10 for damage to the hallways, together with the charge of the carpenter for the time it took him to destroy the bed, was rather a large amount to pay for a subject of conversation. So he isn't saying a word about it.

OLDEST BRIDE

Lies In New York at the Age of 110 Years.

Mrs. Charlotte Decker, who had the distinction of being the oldest bride in the world and a real daughter of the American Revolution, died at her home near Seneca Falls, N. J., a few days ago. She would have been 110 years old November 27.

The records in a family Bible owned by William Reals, of Geneva, show that she was born in Mantus Center, near Syracuse, November 27, 1798. Her parents were Godfrey and Charlotte Reals. Her father enlisted in the Continental army as a volunteer and served until the close of the war.

Mrs. Decker was able to talk with visitors until a week ago. She told many stories of events in 1813 and 1814. Her childhood days were better fixed in her mind than the affairs of the twentieth century. She was married three times, first to Thomas Preston, later to Albert Brainard, and eight years ago, at the age of 102, to Samuel Decker, who was 62 years of age.

DIVIDEND NO. 1.

The Board of Directors of the MOGUL WAGON CO. at their regular monthly meeting declared a 3 per cent. semi-annual dividend on the Preferred Stock of the Company out of the earnings for the past six months.

This dividend is due and payable on demand at the office of the Company.

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Polishing a Varnished Surface.

In order to obtain a good surface for polishing each coat of varnish must be sandpapered, rubbed or matted down, as a polish can be obtained only on a surface that is perfectly level. Therefore the last coat of varnish, when thoroughly dry and hard, must be rubbed with No. 00 steel wool or FF pumice stone and water or oil, following with rotten stone and water or oil, and when perfectly done cleaned off thoroughly to avoid scratches. For producing a very fine polish, says a well known authority, mix with one pint of shellac that has been cut in grain alcohol one-half pint of raw linseed oil. Shake well every time when applying it to a woollen cloth. Rub briskly until the polish is hard and lustrous.—Carpentry and Building.

Radium in Irish Waters.

Some experiments have been recently carried out which appear to show that the sea water round the coast of Ireland possesses a richness in radium not hitherto expected. This result has been extended by measurements made on samples of water collected between Madeira and England and also on water from the Arabian sea. In a paper recently delivered it is shown that the deep lying sediments of the ocean are exceptionally rich in radium. The materials dealt with were partly from the Challenger, partly from the Albatross, collections. Some globigerina ooze from the west coast of Ireland was also treated.

Remains of a Mammoth in California.

The remains of a prehistoric elephant of mammoth proportions were unearthed recently in the bed of a small creek in Puddingstone canyon, half a mile north of San Dimas, by Professor A. J. Cook, head of the department of biology of Pomona college, California, and Edward P. Terry, a student. The bone frame, which is in a fair state of preservation, measures twenty-six feet in length and sixteen feet in height, and what remains of each of the enormous tusks is ten feet long. The parts of the huge skeleton that could be safely handled were removed carefully to Claremont and are to be placed in the museum of Pomona college. The discovery was accidental. The skeleton lay diagonally across the stream with only six inches of ground over it.—Scientific American.

Cooling Ships' Cabins.

Steamship men are much interested in the latest innovation, made by the United Fruit company, which has been incorporated in the ships built in Belfast and now on the New Orleans-Colon run. These vessels have refrigerating plants with connections in every cabin, and the passengers can turn on cold air just as those in an apartment house turn on heat in winter.

Larger than any leviathan of history or fable, the North Dakota, the greatest of Uncle Sam's battleships, took her place Tuesday in the element for which she was fashioned. At the stroke of noon, Miss Mary Benton, of Fargo, drenched the nose of the battleship with champagne, at Quincy, Mass.

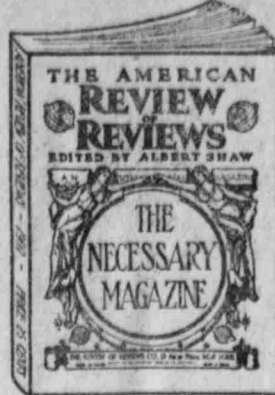
To Tax Payers.

Under the law a penalty of 6 per cent. and 6 per cent. interest is added to all unpaid taxes after Nov. 30, 1908. Please pay before then and save penalty.

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Time Table

Taking effect 12:01 a. m. July 1st, '08

NORTH BOUND.
No. 236—Paducah-Cairo
Accommodation leaves 6:40 a.m.
No. 302—Evansville and Louisville Express
press 11:30 a.m.
No. 340—Princeton mixed 6:25 p.m.

SOUTH BOUND.
No. 341—Hopkinsville mixed arrives 10:00 a.m.
No. 301—Evansville Express arrives 6:25 p.m.
No. 321—Evansville-Hopkinsville-Louisville Mail, arrives 3:50 p.m.

G. R. Newman, Agent.



TIME TABLE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 52—St. Louis Express, 10:24 a.m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:06 p.m.
No. 92—C. & N. O. Lim., 6:06 a.m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p.m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 5:40 p.m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 51—St. L. Express 5:40 p.m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:35 a.m.
No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:50 p.m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:06 a.m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer, 9:43 a.m.
No. 52 and 54 connect at St. Louis and other points west.
No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis, the points as far south as Evansville and Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.
No. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. No. 53 and 55 connect for Memphis and way points.
No. 92 runs through to Chicago and will not carry passengers to point south of Evansville. Also carries through sleepers to St. Louis.
No. 93, through sleepers to Atlanta,acon Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Guthrie by points East and West. No. 94 will not carry local passengers for points South of Nashville, Tenn.